THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. GAY.

——Nos hæc novimus esse nihil. Mart.

The THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

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For GEORGE RISK, at *Shakespear's* Head,
GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible*,
And WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*,
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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Peachum.		Mr. *Hippeſley.*
Lockit.		Mr. *Hall.*
Macheath.		Mr. *Walker.*
Filch.		Mr. *Clark.*
Jemmy Twitcher.	*Macheath's* Gang.	Mr. *H. Bullock.*
Crook-finger'd Jack.		Mr. *Houghton.*
Wat Dreary.		Mr. *Smith.*
Robin *of* Bagſhot.		Mr. *Lacy.*
Nimming Ned.		Mr. *Pit.*
Harry Padington.		Mr. *Eaton.*
Mat *of the* Mint.		Mr. *Spiller.*
Ben Budge.		Mr. *Morgan.*
Beggar.		Mr. *Chapman.*
Player.		Mr. *Milward.*

Conſtables, Drawer, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Peachum.		Mrs. *Martin.*
Polly Peachum.		Miſs *Fenton.*
Lucy Lockit.		Mrs. *Egleton.*
Diana Trapes.		Mrs. *Martin.*
Mrs. Coaxer.	*Women of the Town.*	Mrs. *Holiday.*
Dolly Trull.		Mrs. *Lacy.*
Mrs. Vixen.		Mrs. *Rice.*
Betty Doxy.		Mrs. *Rogers.*
Jenny Diver.		Mrs. *Clerk.*
Mrs. Slammekin.		Mrs. *Morgan.*
Suky Tawdry.		Mrs. *Palin.*
Molly Brazen.		Mrs. *Sallee.*

INTRO

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

Beggar. IF Poverty be a Title to Poetry, I am ſure No-body can diſpute mine. I own my ſelf of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their weekly Feſtivals at St. *Giles*'s. I have a ſmall yearly Sallary for my Catches, and am welcome to a Dinner there whenever I pleaſe, which is more than moſt Poets can ſay.

Player. As we live by the Muſes, 'tis but Gratitude in us to encourage Poetical Merit where-ever we find it. The Muſes, contrary to all other Ladies, pay no Diſtinction to Dreſs, and never partially miſtake the Pertneſs of Embroidery for Wit, nor the Modeſty of Want for Dulneſs. Be the Author who he will, we puſh his Play as far as it will go. So (though you are in Want) I wiſh you Succeſs heartily.

Beggar. This Piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the Marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two most excellent Ballad-Singers. I have introduc'd the Similes that are in all your celebrated *Opera*'s: The *Swallow*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Besides, I have a Prison Scene which the Ladies reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the Parts, I have observ'd such a nice Impartiality to our two Ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take Offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no Recitative: Excepting this, as I have consented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it must be allow'd an Opera in all its Forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently presented by our selves in our great Room at St. *Giles*'s, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your Charity in bringing it now on the Stage.

Player. But I see 'tis time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture. (*Exeunt.*

The BEGGAR's *Opera.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Peachum's *House.*

Peachum *ſitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him*

AIR I. An old Woman cloathed in Grey, *&c.*

THROUGH all the Employments of Life,
Each Neighbour abuſes his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife,
All Profeſſions be-rogue one another:
The Prieſt calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Statesman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his Trade as honeſt as mine.

A Lawyer is an honeſt Employment, ſo is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both againſt Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we ſhould protect and encourage Cheats, ſince we live by them.

SCENE II.

Peachum, Filch.

Filch. Sir, Black *Moll* hath ſent word her Tryal comes on in the Afternoon, and ſhe hopes you will order Matters ſo as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, ſhe may plead her Belly at worſt; to my Knowledge ſhe hath taken care of that Security. But as the Wench is very active and induſtrious, you may ſatisfy her that I'll ſoften the Evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy Dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. This is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him. [*writes.*] For *Tom Gagg*, forty Pounds. Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll ſave her from Tranſportation, for I can get more by her ſtaying in *England.*

Filch. Betty hath brought more Goods into our Lock to-year than any five of the Gang; and in truth, 'tis a pity to loſe ſo good a Cuſtomer.

Peach. If none of the Gang take her off, ſhe may, in the common Courſe of Buſineſs, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women 'ſcape. A good Sportſman always lets the Hen Partridges fly, becauſe the Breed of the Game depends upon them. Beſides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death of Women—except our Wives.

Filch. Without diſpute, ſhe is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was oblig'd for my Education, and (to ſay a bold word) ſhe had train'd up more young Fellows to the Buſineſs than the Gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, *Filch*, thy Obſervation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Profeſſions beſides.

AIR

AIR II. The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.

Filch. *'Tis Woman that ſeduces all Mankind,*
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling Arts:
Her very Eyes can cheat, when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts:
For her, like Wolves by Night we roam for Prey,
And practiſe ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty muſt be fee'd into our Arms.

Peach. But make haſte to *Newgate*, Boy, and let my Friends know what I intend; for I love to make them eaſy one way or other.

Filch. When a Gentleman is long kept in Suſpence, Penitence may break his Spirit ever after. Beſides, Certainty gives a Man a good Air upon his Tryal, and makes him riſque another without Fear or Scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a Pleaſure to be the Meſſenger of Comfort to Friends in Affliction.

SCENE III.

Peachum.

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent Execution againſt next Seſſions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Regiſter of the Gang, [*reading.*] Crook-finger'd *Jack*. A Year and a half in the Service; let me ſee how much the Stock owes to his Induſtry.; one, two, three, four, five Gold Watches, and ſeven Silver ones. A mighty clean-handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff Boxes, five of them of true Gold. Six dozen of Handkerchiefs, four ſilver-hilted Swords, half a dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Periwigs, and a Piece of Broad Cloath. Conſidering theſe are only the Fruits of

his leisure Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow, for no Man alive hath a more engaging Presence of Mind upon the Road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular Dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his Goods. I'll try him only for a Sessions or two longer upon his good Behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny Rascal, without the least Genius; that Fellow, though he were to live these six Months, will never come to the Gallows with any Credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence to have Views of following his Trade as a Taylor, which he calls an honest Employment. *Mat* of the *Mint*, listed not above a Month ago, a promising sturdy Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good Contributions on the Publick, if he does not cut himself short by Murder. *Tom Tipple*, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A Cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin* of *Bagshot*, alias *Gorgon*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

SCENE IV.

Peachum, *Mrs.* Peachum.

Mrs. *Peach.* What of *Bob Booty*, Husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my Dear, he's a favourite Customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a Present of this Ring.

Peach. I have set his Name down in the black List, that's all, my Dear; he spends his Life among Women, and as soon as his Money is gone, one or other of the Ladies will hang him for the Reward, and there's forty Pound lost to us for ever.

Mrs. *Peach.* You know, my Dear, I never meddle in Matters of Death; I always leave those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these Cases, for they are so partial to the Brave that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp or the Gallows.

AIR.

AIR III. Cold and Raw, *&c.*

If any Wench Venus's *Girdle wear,*
Though she be never so ugly;
Lillies and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous smuggly.
Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,
(A Rope so charming a Zone is!)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis!

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder among them all these seven Months. And truly, my Dear, that is a great Blessing.

Peach. What a-dickens is the Woman always a whimpring about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

Mrs. *Peach.* If I am in the wrong, my Dear, you must excuse me; for No-body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So my Dear, have done upon this Subject. Was Captain *Macheath* here this Morning, for the Bank-notes he left with you last Week?

Mrs *Peach.* Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! If he comes from *Bagshot* at any reasonable Hour he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with *Polly* and me,

and

and *Bob Booty*, at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. *Mary-bone* and the Chocolate-houſes are his undoing. The Man that propoſes to get Money by Play ſhould have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth.

Mrs. *Peach.* Really, I am ſorry upon *Polly's* Account the Captain hath not more Diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen? He ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly's* Account! What, a Plague, does the Woman mean?—Upon *Polly's* Account!

Mrs. *Peach.* Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the Girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. *Peach.* If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am ſure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty Man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be ſo mad to have the Wench marry him! Gameſters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

Mrs. *Peach.* But if *Polly* ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor Girl, I am in the utmoſt Concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd? *&c.*

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the ſimple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's ſign'd, and then for Life
She's——what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, Wife. A handſome Wench in our way of Buſineſs is as profitable as the Bar of a *Temple* Coffee-Houſe, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You ſee I would indulge the Girl as

as far as prudently we can, in any thing, but Marriage! after that, my Dear, how ſhall we be ſafe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power: For a Husband hath the abſolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Diſcretion of a Court Lady, who can have a dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I ſhould not matter it; but *Polly* is Tinder, and a Spark will at once ſet her on a Flame. Married! if the Wench does not know her own Profit, ſure ſhe knows her own Pleaſure better than to make herſelf a Property! My Daughter to me ſhould be like a Court Lady to a Miniſter of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

Mrs. *Peach.* May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and ſhe may only allow the Captain Liberties in the View of Intereſt.

Peach. But 'tis your Duty, to warn the Girl againſt her Ruin, and to inſtruct her how to make the moſt of her Beauty. I'll go to her this Moment, and ſift her. In the mean time, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of theſe dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can diſpoſe of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Peachum.

Never was a man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why muſt our *Polly*, forſooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why muſt *Polly*'s Marriage, contrary to all Obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

AIR V. Of all the ſimple Things we do, *&c.*

A Maid is like the golden Oar,
Which hath Guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe Worth is never known, before
It is try'd and impreſt in the Mint.

A Wife's

A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stampt with the Name of her Spouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is ſold;
And is Current in every Houſe.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Peachum, Filch.

Mrs. *Peach.* Come hither *Filch.* I am as fond of this Child, as though my Mind miſgive me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a Juggler. If any unlucky Seſſion does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great Man in Hiſtory. Where was your Poſt laſt Night, my Boy?

Filch. I play'd at the Opera, Madam; and conſidering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, ſo that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. *Peach.* Colour'd ones, I ſee. They are of ſure Sale from our Ware-houſe at *Redriff* among the Seamen.

Filch. And this Snuff-box.

Mrs. *Peach.* Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner.

Filch. I had a rare tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Taylors for making the Fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my Eſcape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, ſo that every now and then (ſince I was pumpt) I have thoughts of taking up and going to Sea.

Mrs. *Peach.* You ſhould go to *Hockley in the Hole*, and to *Mary-bone*, Child, to learn Valour. Theſe are the Schools that have bred ſo many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old-Baily*! For the firſt Fact I'll inſure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a Sentence of Tran-

Transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But, hark you, my Lad, don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Lyar. Do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*.

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss *Polly*, for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. *Peach*. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd———

Filch. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss *Polly*, if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. *Peach*. Yonder comes my Husband and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own Room, and tell me the whole Story. I'll give thee a most delicious Glass of Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

SCENE VII.

Peachum, Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of my self and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures Papa. If I allow Captain *Macheath* some trifling Liberties, I have this Watch and other visible Marks of his Favour to show for it. A Girl who cannot grant some Things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to show how much I love her, &c.

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;

Near

Near it the Bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around,
But when once pluck'd, tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden *'tis ſent, (as yet ſweet,)*
There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not againſt your toying and trifling with a Cuſtomer in the way of Buſineſs, or to get out a Secret, or ſo. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you Jade you, I'll cut your Throat, Huſſy. Now you know my Mind.

SCENE VIII.

Peachum, Polly, *Mrs.* Peachum.

AIR VII. Oh *London* is a fine Town.

Mrs. Peachum *in a very great Paſſion,*

Our Polly *is a ſad Slut! nor heeds what we taught her,*
I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both Hoods and Gowns, and Hoops to ſwell her Pride,
With Scarfs and Stays; and Gloves and Lace; and ſhe will have Men beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſt with Care and Coſt, all-tempting, fine and gay,
As Men ſhould ſerve a Cowcumber, ſhe flings herſelf away.
Our Polly *is a ſad Slut,* &c.

You Baggage! you Huſſy! you inconſiderate Jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your Misfortune; but to do ſuch a mad thing by Choice! The Wench is married, Husband.

Peach. Married! The Captain is a bold Man, and will riſque any thing for Money; to be ſure he believes her a Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I would have liv'd comfortably ſo long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage?

Mrs. *Peach.* I knew ſhe was always a proud Slut; and now the Wench hath play'd the Fool and married, becauſe forſooth ſhe would do like the Gentry. Can you ſupport the Expence of a Husband, Huſſy, in gaming, drinking and whoring? have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of a Man and Wife about who ſhall ſquander moſt? There are not many Husbands and Wives, who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handſome way. If you muſt be married, could you introduce no-body into our Family but a Highwayman? Why, thou fooliſh Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadſt married a Lord!

Peach. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency, for the Captain looks upon himſelf in the Military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profeſſion. Beſides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both theſe ways, let me tell you, are moſt excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me Huſſy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. *Peach.* With *Polly's* Fortune ſhe might very well have gone off to a Perſon of Diſtinction. Yes that you might, you pouting Slut!

Peach. What, is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by ſqueezing out an Anſwer from you. Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. *Peach.* How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handſome Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleaſure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards.

Peach. Why, *Polly*, I ſhall ſoon know if you are married, by *Macheath's* keeping from our Houſe.

AIR

AIR VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, *&c.*

Polly. *Can Love be controul'd by Advice?*
Will Cupid *our Mothers obey?*
Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry for fear you should chide.

Mrs. *Peach.* Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And *Macheath* may hang his Father and Mother-in-Law, in hope to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

Mrs. *Peach.* Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support my self——Oh! [*Faints.*

Peach. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have reduc'd your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial, this Instant. How the poor Woman takes it to Heart!

[Polly *goes out, and returns with it.*

Ah Hussy, now this the only Comfort your Mother has left!

Polly. Give her another Glass, Sir; my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. *Peach.* The Girl shows such a Readiness, and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O *Jenny*, O *Jenny*, where hast thou been.

O Polly, *you might have toy'd and kist,*
By keeping Man off, you keep them on.

Polly.

Polly. *But he ſo teaz'd me,*
And he ſo pleas'd me,
What I did, you muſt have done.

Mrs. *Peach.* Not with a Highwayman ——— You ſorry Slut!

Peach. A Word with you, Wife. 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without conſent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of a Woman, my Dear.

Mrs. *Peach.* Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the firſt time, a Woman is frail, ſhe ſhould be ſomewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her Fortune. After that, ſhe hath nothing to do but to guard herſelf from being found out, and ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes.

Peach. Make your ſelf a little eaſy; I have a Thought ſhall ſoon ſet all Matters again to rights. Why ſo melancholy, *Polly*? ſince what is done cannot be undone, we muſt all endeavour to make the beſt of it.

Mrs. *Peach.* Well, *Polly*, as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee ——— Your Father is too fond of you, Huſſy.

Polly. Then all my Sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. *Peach.* A mighty likely Speech in troth, for a Wench who is juſt married!

AIR X. *Thomas*, I cannot, *&c.*

Polly. *I like a Ship in Storms, was toſt;*
Yet afraid to put in to Land;
For ſeiz'd in the Port the Veſſel's loſt,
Whoſe Treaſure is counterband.
The Waves are laid,
My Duty's paid,
O Joy beyond Expreſſion!
Thus, ſafe a-ſhore,
I ask no more,
My all is in my Poſſeſſion.

Peach. I hear Customers in t'other Room; go talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone. ——But, hark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating-Watch; say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it, till to-morrow. For I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a Figure with it to-night at a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know Beetle-brow'd *Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till *Tuesday* Night; so that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX.

Peachum, *Mrs.* Peachum.

Peach. Dear Wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. *Peach.* If she had had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that sort. 'Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

Peach. But Money, Wife, is the true Fuller's Earth for Reputations, there is not a Spot or a Stain but what it can take out. A rich Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

Mrs. *Peach.* I am very sensible, Husband, that Captain *Macheath* is worth Money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already, and then if he should dye in a Session or two, *Polly*'s Dower would come into Dispute.

Peach. That indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
A Whore your Health and Peace, Sir,

Your

Your Daughter rob your Cheſt, Sir,
Your Wife may ſteal your Reſt, Sir,
A Thief your Goods and Plate.
But this is all but picking,
With Reſt, Pence, Cheſt, and Chicken;
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
He ſteals your whole Eſtate.

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to thoſe in our Way. They don't care that any body ſhould get a clandeſtine Livelihood but themſelves.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming *Ned.* He brought in a Damask Window-Curtain, a Hoop-Petticoat, a Pair of Silver Candleſticks, a Periwig, and one Silk Stocking, from the Fire that happen'd laſt Night.

Peach. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his way, and ſaves more Goods out of the Fire than *Ned.* But now, *Polly*, to your Affair; for Matters muſt not be left as they are. You are married then, it ſeems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propoſe to live, Child?

Polly. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Induſtry of my Husband.

Mrs. *Peach.* What, is the Wench turn'd Fool? A Highway-man's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay, as of his Company.

Peach. And had not you the common Views of a Gentlewoman in your Marriage, *Polly*?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

Polly. But I love him, Sir: How then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, that is the whole Scheme and Intention of all Marriage Articles. The com-

fortable Eſtate of Widow-hood, is the only Hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirit. Where is the Women who would ſcruple to be a Wife, if ſhe had it in her Power to be a Widow whenever ſhe pleas'd? If you have any Views of this ſort, *Polly*, I ſhall think the Match not ſo very unſeaſonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I muſt beg you to explain your ſelf.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Seſſions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

Polly. What, murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Peach. Fye, *Polly*! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the thing ſooner or later muſt happen, I dare ſay, the Captain himſelf would like that we ſhould get the Reward for his Death ſooner than a Stranger. Why, *Polly*, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his Employment to rob, ſo 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Buſineſs. So that there is no Malice in the Caſe.

Mrs. *Peach.* Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

Polly. *Oh, ponder well! be not ſevere;*
So ſave a wretched Wife!
For on the Rope that hangs my Dear,
Depends poor Polly's *Life.*

Mrs. *Peach.* But your Duty to your Parents, Huſſey, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for ſuch an Opportunity!

Polly. What is a Jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my Heart. I cannot ſurvive him.

AIR XIII. Le printemps rapelle aux armes.

The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her Lover dying,

The

The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Laments her Dove.
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor *Polly*.

Mrs. *Peach*. What, is the Fool in love in earneſt then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Polly. But hear me, Mother.——If you ever lov'd——

Mrs. *Peach*. Thoſe curſed Play-books ſhe reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Huſſy, and I ſhall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of Miſchief, and conſider of what is propos'd to you.

Mrs. *Peach*. Away, Huſſy, Hang your Husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[Polly *liſtening*.

Mrs. *Peach*. The Thing, Husband, muſt and ſhall be done. For the ſake of Intelligence we muſt take other Meaſures, and have him peach'd the next Seſſions without her Conſent. If ſhe will not know her Duty we know ours.

Peach. But really, my Dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I conſider his perſonal Bravery, his fine Stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my Heart to have a Hand in his Death. I wiſh you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. *Peach*. But in a Caſe of Neceſſity——our own Lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we muſt comply with the Cuſtoms of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Intereſt.—He ſhall be taken off.

Mrs. *Peach*. I'll undertake to manage *Polly*.

Peach. And I'll prepare Matters for the *Old-Baily*.

SCENE XII.

Polly.

Now I'm a Wretch, indeed.—Methinks I ſee him already in the Cart, ſweeter and more lovely than the Noſegay in his Hand!—I hear the Crowd extolling his Reſolution and Intrepidity!—What Vollies of Sighs are ſent from the Windows of *Holborn*, that ſo comely a Youth ſhould be brought to Diſgrace!—I ſee him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears!—even Butchers weep!—*Jack Ketch* himſelf heſitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to loſe his Fee, by a Reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*!—As yet I may inform him of their Deſign, and aid him in his Eſcape.—It ſhall be ſo.—But then he flies, abſents himſelf, and I bar my ſelf from his dear dear Converſation! That too will diſtract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he ſtays, he is hang'd, and then he is loſt for ever!—He intended to lye conceal'd in my Room, 'till the Duſk of the Evening: If they are abroad, I'll this Inſtant let him out, leſt ſome Accident ſhould prevent him. [*Exit and returns.*

SCENE XIII.

Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, ſay.—

Mach. *Pretty* Polly, *ſay,*
When I was away,
Did your Fancy never ſtray
To ſome newer Lover?

Polly. *Without Diſguiſe,*
Heaving Sighs,
Doating Eyes,
My conſtant Heart diſcover.
Fondly let me loll!

Mach. O *pretty, pretty* Poll.

Polly.

Polly. And are you as fond as ever my Dear?

Mach. Suſpect my Honour, my Courage, ſuſpect any thing but my Love.—May my Piſtols miſs Fire, and my Mare ſlip her Shoulder while I am purſu'd, if I ever forſake thee!

Polly. Nay, my Dear, I have no Reaſon to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes were ever falſe in Love.

AIR XV. Pray, Fair One be kind—

Mach. *My Heart was ſo free,*
It rov'd like the Bee,
'Tis Polly *my Paſſion requited;*
I ſipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour,
But here ev'ry Flower is united.

Polly. Were you ſentenc'd to Tranſportation, ſure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mach. Is there any Power, any Force that could tear me from thee? You might ſooner tear a Penſion out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-glaſs, or any Woman from *Quadrille* —But to tear me from thee is impoſſible!

AIR VI. Over the Hills and far away.

Were I laid on Greenland's *Coaſt,*
And in my Arms embrac'd my Laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal Froſt,
Too ſoon the Half Year's Nights would paſs.

Polly. *Were I ſold on* Indian *Soil,*
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
I could mock the ſultry Toil,
When on my Charmer's Breaſt repos'd.

Mach. *And I would love you all the Day.*

Polly. *Every Night would kiſs and play.*

Mach. *If with me you'd fondly ſtray.*
Polly. *Over the Hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!——how ſhall I ſpeak it? I muſt be torn from thee. We muſt part.

Mach. How! Part!

Polly. We muſt, we muſt.——My Papa and Mama are ſet againſt thy Life. They now, ev'n now are in Search after thee. They are preparing Evidence againſt thee. Thy Life depends upon a Moment.

AIR XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn thing——

O what Pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what Pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly *ever leave thee?*
But leſt Death my Love ſhould thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal Cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kiſs and then——one kiſs——begone——farewel.

Mach. My Hand, my Heart, my Dear, is ſo rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloſe my Hold.

Polly. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I ſhould loſe the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy *Polly* hear from thee?

Mach. Muſt I then go?

Polly. And will not Abſence change your Love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me ſtay and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!——Go——but when Safety will give you leave, you will be ſure to ſee me again; for till then *Polly* is wretched.

AIR

AIR XVIII. O the Broom, &c.

Mach. *The Miſer thus a Shilling ſees,*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With Sighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

[Parting, and looking at each other with Fondneſs; he at one Door, ſhe at the other.

Polly. *The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown,*
The Bird in Silence eyes;
But ſoon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs and cries.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, *Crook-finger'd* Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin *of* Bagſhot, Nimming Ned, Henry Padington, Matt *of the* Mint, Ben Budge, *and the reſt of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.*

Ben. BUT pry'thee, *Matt*, what is become of thy Brother *Tom*? I have not ſeen him ſince my Return from Tranſportation.

Matt. Poor Brother *Tom* had an Accident this time Twelve-month, and ſo clever a made Fellow he was, that I could not ſave him from thoſe fleaing Raſcals the Surgeons; and now poor Man, he is among the Otamys at *Surgeon's-Hall.*

Ben. So it ſeems, his Time was come.

Jem. But the preſent Time is ours, and no Body alive hath more. Why are the Laws level'd at us? are we more diſhoneſt than the reſt of Mankind? What we win, Gentlemen,

men, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the Right of Conqueſt.

Crook. Where ſhall we find ſuch another Set of practical Philoſophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

Wat. Sound Men, and true!

Robin. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Induſtry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not dye for his Friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his Intereſt?

Matt. Show me a Gang of Courtiers that can ſay as much.

Ben. We are for a juſt Partition of the World, for every Man hath a Right to enjoy Life.

Matt. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous Fellow, like a Jack-daw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it. Theſe are the Robbers of Mankind, for Money was made for the Free-hearted and Generous, and where is the Injury of taking from another what he hath not the Heart to make uſe of?

Jem. Our ſeveral Stations for the Day are fixt. Good luck attend us. Fill the Glaſſes.

AIR I. Fill ev'ry Glaſs, &c.

Matt. *Fill ev'ry Glaſs, for Wine inſpires us,*
And fires us,
With Courage, Love and Joy;
Women and Wine ſhould Life employ.
Is there ought elſe on Earth deſirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry Glaſs,* &c.

SCENE II.

To them enter Macheath.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

Matt.

Matt. We are juſt breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stage-Coach-men in the way of Friendſhip and Intelligence; and I know that about this Time there will be Paſſengers upon the Weſtern Road, who are worth ſpeaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that Party——but——

Matt. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any Man who ſuſpects my Courage?

Matt. We have all been Witneſſes of it.

Mach. My Honour and Truth to the Gang?

Matt. I'll be anſwerable for it.

Mach. In the Diviſion of our Booty, have I ever ſhown the leaſt Marks of Avarice or Injuſtice?

Matt. By theſe Queſtions ſomething ſeems to have ruffled you. Are any of us ſuſpected?

Mach. I have a fixt Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and as ſuch I value and reſpect you. *Peachum* is a Man that is uſeful to us.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll ſhoot him through the Head.

Mach. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Diſcretion. A Piſtol is your laſt Reſort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mach. Buſineſs cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows the World, and is a neceſſary Agent to us. We have had a ſlight Difference, and till it is accommodated I ſhall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Any private Diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill Conſequence to my Friends. You muſt continue to act under his Direction, for the Moment we break looſe from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang which I can never do but with Life. At our private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or ſo will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your Inſtructions ſhall be obſerv'd. 'Tis now high

high Time for us to repair to our ſeveral Duties; ſo till the Evening at our Quarters in *Moor-fields* we bid you farewel.

Mach. I ſhall wiſh my ſelf with you. Succeſs attend You. [*Sits down melancholy at the Table.*

AIR II. March in *Rinaldo*, with Drums and Trumpets.

Mat. *Let us take the Road.*
Hark! I hear the Sound of Coaches!
The Hour of Attack approaches,
To your Arms, brave Boys, and load.
See the Ball I hold!
Let the Chymiſts toil like Aſſes,
Our Fire their Fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our Lead to Gold.

[The Gang, rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Piſtols, and ſtick them under their Girdles; then go off ſinging the firſt Part in Chorus.

SCENE III.

Macheath, Drawer.

Mach. What a Fool is a fond Wench! *Polly* is moſt confoundedly bit——I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might be as well contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps hath been as much oblig'd to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, *Drury-Lane* would be uninhabited.

AIR III. Would you have a young Virgin, *&c.*

If the Heart of a Man is depreſt with Cares,
The Miſt is diſpell'd when a Woman appears;

Like

Like the Notes of a Fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly
Raiſes the Spirits, and charms our Ears.
Roſes and Lillies her Cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe Lips are more ſweet than thoſe.
Preſs her,
Careſs her
With Bliſſes,
Her Kiſſes
Diſſolves us in Pleaſure, and ſoft Repoſe.

I muſt have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not ſo ſtrong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer.— [*Enter Drawer*] Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies, according to my Directions?

Draw. I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you ſent him as far as *Hockley in the Hole*, for three of the Ladies, for one in *Vinegar Yard*, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about *Lewkner's Lane*. Sure ſome of them are below, for I hear the Barr Bell. As they come I will ſhow them up. Coming, coming.

SCENE IV.

Macheath, *Mrs.* Coaxer, Dolly Trull, *Mrs.* Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, *Mrs.* Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, *and* Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. *Coaxer*, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs of Qualitity, and lay on Paint.—*Dolly Trull*! kiſs me, you Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Huſſy? You are always ſo taken up with ſtealing Hearts, that you don't allow your ſelf Time to ſteal any thing elſe. Ah *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a Coquette— Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit; they make charming Miſtreſſes, but plaguy Wives—*Betty Doxy*! Come hither, Huſſy, Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better ſtick to good wholeſome Beer; for in troth, *Betty*,

Strong-Waters will in time ruin your Conſtitution. You ſhould leave thoſe to your Betters.— What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though ever ſo high bred, hath a more ſanctify'd Look, with a more miſchievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful Hypocrite— Mrs. *Slammekin*! as careleſs and genteel as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty, affect an Undreſs——— But ſee, here's *Suky Tawdry* come to contradict what I was ſaying. Every thing ſhe gets one way ſhe lays out upon her Back. Why, *Suky*, you muſt keep at leaſt a dozen Tally-men. *Molly Brazen*! [*She kiſſes him.*] That's well done. I love a free-hearted Wench. Thou haſt a moſt agreeable Aſſurance Girl, and thou art as willing as a Turtle.—But hark, I hear Muſick. The Harper is at the Door. *If Muſick be the Food of Love, play on.* E'er you ſeat your ſelves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. [*Enter Harper.*] Play the *French* Tune, that Mrs. *Slammekin* was ſo fond of.

[*A Dance* à la ronde *in the* French *Manner; near the End of it this Song and Chorus.*

AIR IV. Cotillon.

Youth's the Seaſon made for Joys,
Love is then our Duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, deſpis'd in Decay.
Youth's the Seaſon, &c.

Let's us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with Youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow.

Dance

Dance and ſing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the Return of Spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink,* &c.

Mach. Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here Fellow, [*Plays the Harper.*] Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [*Ex. Harper.*] If any of the Ladies chuſe Ginn, I hope they will be ſo free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is ſtrong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I have the Cholic.

Mach. Juſt the Excuſe of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. *Coaxer*, you have had good Succeſs of late in your Viſits among the Mercers.

Coax. We have ſo many Interlopers—— Yet with Induſtry, one may ſtill have a little Picking. I carried a ſilver flower'd Luteſtring, and a Piece of black Padeſoy to Mr. *Peachum*'s Lock but laſt Week.

Vix. There's *Molly Brazen* hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linnen-draper's Eye ſo faſt upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh dear Madam!—— But ſure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have ſuch a ſweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman muſt have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman!

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a ſmall Compaſs, and is of eaſy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

Coax. If any Woman hath more Art than another, to be ſure, tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her Fellow be never ſo agreeable, ſhe can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if Money were her only Pleaſure. Now that is a Command of the Paſſions uncommon in a Woman!

Jenny. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Buſineſs. I have other Hours, and other ſort of

of Men for my Pleaſure. But had I your Addreſs, Madam.———

Mach. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies, and drink about: You are not ſo fond of me, *Jenny*, as you uſe to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to ſhow my Fondneſs among ſo many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the Warmth of my Inclination that will determine you.

AIR V. All in a miſty Morning, &c.

Before the Barn-door crowing,
The Cock by Hens attended,
His Eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended.
Then one he ſingles from the Crew,
And cheers the happy Hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah *Jenny*! thou art a dear Slut.

Trull. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'nt been ſo long upon the Town, but I have met with ſome good Fortune as well as my Neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the Queſtion; 'twas only in the way of Converſation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a Fool, I might have liv'd very handſomely with my laſt Friend: But upon his miſſing five Guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never ſuſpected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your beſt ſort of Keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a *Jew*; and bating their Religion; to Women they are a good ſort of People.

Tawd.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own like an old Fellow for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A ſpruce Prentice, let me tell you, Ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely, I have ſent at leaſt two or three dozen of them in my time to the Plantations.

Jenny. But to be ſure, Sir, with ſo much good Fortune as you have had upon the Road, you muſt grow immenſely rich.

Mach. The Road, indeed, hath done me Juſtice, but the Gaming-Table hath been my Ruin.

AIR VI. When once I lay with another Man's Wife, *&c.*

Jen. *The Gameſters and Lawyers are Jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your All is in danger;
Like Gypſies if once they can finger a Souſe,
Your Pockets they pick, and they pilfer your Houſe,
And give your Eſtate to a Stranger.

Theſe are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends. [*She takes up his Piſtol,* Tawdry *takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Beſides your Loſs of Money, 'tis a Loſs to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from Women. How fond could I be of you! but before Company, 'tis ill bred.

Mach. Wanton Huſſies!

Jen. I muſt and will have a Kiſs to give my Wine a Zeſt. [*They take him about the Neck, and make Signs to* Peachum *and Conſtables, who ruſh in upon him.*

SCENE V.

To them Peachum, *and Conſtables.*

Peach. I ſeize you, Sir, as my Priſoner.

Mach. Was this well done, *Jenny?*—Women are Decoy Ducks; who can truſt them! Beaſts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

Peach. Your Caſe, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular. The greateſt Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But to do them Juſtice, I muſt own they are a pretty ſort of Creatures if we could truſt them. You muſt now, Sir, take your leave of the Ladies, and if they have a Mind to make you a Viſit, they will be ſure to find you at home. The Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Conſtables, wait upon the Captain to his Lodgings.

AIR VII. When firſt I laid Siege to my *Chloris*, &c.

Mac. *As the Tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,*
As the Tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of Ill,
I ſhall find no ſuch Furies as theſe are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the Reckoning ſhall be diſcharg'd.

[*Ex* Macheath, *guarded with* Peachum *and Conſtables.*

SCENE VI.

The Women remain.

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, though Mr. *Peachum* may have made a private Bargain with you and *Suky Tawdry* for betraying the Captain, as we were all aſſiſting, we ought all to ſhare alike.

Coax. I think Mrs. *Peachum*, after ſo long an Acquaintance, might have truſted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

Slam. I am ſure at leaſt three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's time too, (if he did me Juſtice) ſhould be ſet down to my Account.

Trull. Mrs. *Slammekin*, that is not fair. For you know, one of them was taken in Bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a Bowl of Punch or a Treat, I believe Mrs. *Suky* will join with me.—As for any thing elſe, Ladies, you cannot in Conſequence expect it.

Slam

Slam. Dear Madam.

Trull. I would not for the World——

Slam. 'Tis impoſſible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be ſav'd, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then I muſt ſtay here all Night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt with great Ceremony.*

SCENE VII. *Newgate.*

Lockit, *Turnkeys*, Macheath, *Conſtables.*

Lock. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the Cuſtom, Sir. Garniſh, Captain, Garniſh. Hand me down thoſe Fetters there.

Mach. Thoſe, Mr. *Lockit*, ſeem to be the heavieſt of the whole Sett. With your leave, I ſhould like the further Pair better.

Lock. Look ye Captain, you know what is fitteſt for our Priſoners. When a Gentleman uſes me with Civility, I always do the beſt I can to pleaſe him——Hand them down, I ſay——We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every Gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Mach. I underſtand you, Sir, [*gives Money.*] The Fees here are ſo many, and ſo exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handſomely, or of dying like a Gentleman.

Lock. Thoſe, I ſee, will fit the Captain better——Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir,——Never was better Work——How genteely they are made!——They will fit as eaſy as a Glove, and the niceſt Man in *England* might not be aſham'd to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains.*] If I had the beſt Gentleman in the Land in my Cuſtody, I could not equip him more handſomely. And ſo, Sir——I now leave you to your private Meditations.

SCENE VII.

Macheath.

AIR VIII. Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, *&c.*

Man may escape from Rope and Gun,
Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;
Who takes a Woman must be undone,
That Basilisk is sure to kill.
The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,
So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,
He that tastes Woman, Ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought my self? Here must I (all Day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the Reproaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door ——— I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure if he knows of the Matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my Execution—— But I promis'd the Wench Marriage—— What signifies a Promise to a Woman? Does not Man in Marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, Women will believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations—— But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her—— Wou'd I were deaf!

SCENE IX.

Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You base Man you—— how can you look me in the Face after what hath past between us?—— See here, perfidious Wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the Load of Infamy you have laid upon me——O *Macheath*! thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet—— to see thee torture'd would give me Pleasure.

AIR

AIR IX. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, *&c.*

Thus when a Housewife sees a Rat
In her Trap in the Morning taken,
With pleasure her Heart goes pit a pat,
In Revenge for her loss of Bacon:
Then she throws him
To the Dog or Cat
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

Mach. Have you no Bowels, no Tenderness, my dear *Lucy*, to see a Husband in these Circumstances?

Lucy. A Husband!

Mac. In ev'ry Respect but the Form, and that, my Dear, may be said over us at any time.——Friends should not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of Honour, his Word is as good as his Bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the Pleasure of all you fine Men to insult the Women you have ruin'd.

AIR X. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, *&c.*

How cruel are the Traytors,
Who lye and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded Creatures
Of Virtue, Fame and Rest!
Whoever steals a Shilling,
Though Shame the Guilt conceals:
In Love the perjur'd Villain,
With Boasts the Theft reveals.

Mac. The very first Opportunity, my Dear, (have but Patience) you shall be my Wife in whatever Manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating Monster! And so you think I know nothing of the Affair of Miss *Polly Peachum*.——I could tear thy Eyes out!

Mac. Sure, *Lucy*, you can't be ſuch a Fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you?

Mac. Married! Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good Opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the Houſe; I chat with the Girl, I kiſs her, I ſay a thouſand things to her (as all Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert my ſelf: and now the ſilly Jade hath ſet it about that I am married to her, to let me know what ſhe would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, theſe violent Paſſions may be of ill Conſequence to a Woman in your Condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your Aſſurance, you know that Miſs *Polly* hath put it out of your Power to do me the Juſtice you promis'd me.

Mac. A jealous Woman believes ev'ry thing her Paſſion ſuggeſts. To convince you of my ſincerity, if you can find the Ordinary, I ſhall have no Scruples of making you my Wife, and I know the Conſequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and ſo get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you Satisfaction ——if you think there is any in Marriage. What can a Man of Honour ſay more?

Lucy. So then it ſeems, you are not married to Miſs *Polly*.

Mac. You know *Lucy*, the Girl is prodigiouſly conceited. No Man can ſay a civil thing to her, but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XI. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

The firſt time at the Looking-glaſs
The Mother ſets her Daughter,
The Image ſtrikes the ſmiling Laſs
With Self-Love ever after.
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry Charm grows ſtronger:

But

But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your own,
Can see you are not younger.

When Women conſider their own Beauties, they are alike unreaſonable in their Demands; for they expect their Lovers ſhould like them as long as they like themſelves.

Lucy. Yonder is my Father—perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who ſhall try if you will be as good as your Word.———For I long to be made an honeſt Woman.

SCENE X.

Peachum, Lockit *with an Account-Book.*

Lock. In this laſt Affair, Brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have conſented to go halves in *Macheath*.

Peach. We ſhall never fall out about an Execution.——— But as to that Article, pray how ſtands our laſt Year's Account?

Lock. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly ſtated.

Peach. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we ſhould hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly ſave theirs without being paid for it. Unleſs the People in employment pay better, I promiſe them for the future, I ſhall let other Rogues live beſides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid theſe matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, as if our Profeſſion were not reputable.

Peach. In one Reſpect indeed, our Employment may be reckon'd diſhoneſt, becauſe, like Great Stateſmen, we encourage thoſe who betray their Friends.

Lock. Such Language, Brother, any where elſe, might turn to your Prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR XII. How happy are we, &c.

When you censure the Age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be:
If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis pat to all the Tribe,
Each cries——That was level'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor *Ned Clincher*'s Name, I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned*'s Case; for he told me in the condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Moleſtation.

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*,——This is the firſt time my Honour was ever call'd in Queſtion.

Peach. Buſineſs is at an end——if once we act diſhonourably.

Lock. Who accuſes me?

Peach. You are warm, Brother.

Lock. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my Livelyhood——And this Uſage——Sir——is not to be born.

Peach. Since you provoke me to ſpeak——I muſt tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we muſt punctually pay our Spies, or we ſhall have no Information.

Lock. Is this Language to me, Sirrah——who have ſav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! [*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hang'd, it ſhall be for ridding the World of an arrant Raſcal.

Lock. This Hand ſhall do the Office of the Halter you deſerve, and throttle you——you Dog!——

Peach. Brother, Brother,——We are both in the Wrong——We ſhall be both Loſers in the Diſpute, for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You ſhould not be ſo paſſionate.

Lock. Nor you ſo provoking.

Peach.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual Intereſt; 'tis for the Intereſt of the World we ſhould agree. If I ſaid any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*——I can forgive as well as reſent.——Give me your Hand. Suſpicion does not become a Friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you Occaſion to juſtifie your ſelf: But I muſt now ſtep home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this Hour.

SCENE XI.

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence came you, Huſſy?

Lucy. My Tears might anſwer that Queſtion.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help Love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your Husband's Death like a reaſonable Woman. 'Tis not the Faſhion, now-a-days, ſo much as to affect Sorrow upon theſe Occaſions. No Woman would ever marry, if ſhe had not the Chance of Mortality for a Releaſe. Act like a Woman of Spirit, Huſſy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

AIR XIII. Of a noble Race was *Shinkin*.

Lucy. *Is then his Fate decreed, Sir?*
Such a Man can I think of quitting?
When firſt we met, ſo moves me yet,
O ſee how my Heart is ſplitting!

Lock. Look ye, *Lucy*——There is no ſaving him——ſo, I think, you muſt ev'n do like other Widows——Buy your ſelf Weeds, and be chearful.

AIR

AIR XIV.

You'll think e'er many Days ensue,
This Sentence not severe;
I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your Care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good Wife, go moan over your dying Husband. That, Child, is your Duty——Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and the Money too—so make your self as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

SCENE XII.

Lucy, Macheath.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of my way to day, I hope, my Dear, you will, upon the first Opportunity, quiet my Scruples—Oh Sir! —my Father's hard Heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost Despair.

Mach. But if I could raise a small Sum——Would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?——Of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the most prevailing——Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XV. London Ladies.

If you at an Office solicit your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
To what his Duty directed.

Or

Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquiſite ſoftens her into Conſent;
That Reaſon with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What Love or Money can do ſhall be done: For all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

SCENE XIII.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear Husband?—— Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck!——O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love——Why doſt thou turn away from me?——'Tis thy *Polly*——'Tis thy Wife.

Mach. Was ever ſuch an unfortunate Raſcal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever ſuch another Villain!

Polly. O *Macheath!* was it for this we parted? Taken! Impriſon'd! Try'd! Hang'd!-cruel Reflection! I'll ſtay with thee 'till Death——no Force ſhall tear thy dear Wife from thee now——what means my Love?——Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy *Polly* ſuffers to ſee thee in this Condition.

AIR XVI. All in the Downs, &c.

Thus when the Swallow, ſeeking Prey,
Within the Caſh is cloſely pent,
His Conſorts, with bemoaning Lay,
Without ſits pining for th' Event.
Her chatt'ring Lovers all around her ſkim,
She heeds him not, (poor Bird!) her Soul's with him.

Mac. I muſt diſown her. [*Aſide.*] The Wench is diſtracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lye, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

Polly,

Polly. Am I not thy Wife?——Thy neglect of me, thy Averſion to me too ſeverely proves it.——Look on me.——Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

Lucy. Perfidious Wretch!

Polly. Barbarous Husband!

Lucy. Hadſt thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had been happy.

Mac. And I too——If you had been kind to me 'till Death, it would not have vex'd me——And that's no very unreaſonable Requeſt, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath not above ſeven or eight Days to live.

Lucy Art thou then married to another? Haſt thou two Wives, Monſter?

Mac. If Women's Tongues can ceaſe for an Anſwer——hear me.

Lucy. I won't——Fleſh and Blood can't bear my Uſage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Juſtice bids me ſpeak.

AIR XVII. Have you hard of a frolickſome Ditty, &c.

Mac. How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a Word will I ſay;
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my Dear, there ought be ſome Preference ſhown to a Wife! At leaſt ſhe may claim the Appearance of it. He muſt be diſtracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not uſe me thus!

Lucy O Villain, Villain! thou haſt deceiv'd me——I could even inform againſt thee with Pleaſure. Not a rude wiſhes more heartily to have Facts againſt her intimate Acquaintance, than I now wiſh to have Facts againſt thee. I would have her Satisfaction, and they ſhall all out.

AIR

AIR XVIII. Iriſh Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. ——— *I'm bubbled:*
Polly. *O how I am troubled!*
Lucy. *Bambouzled, and bit!*
Polly. ——— *My Diſtreſſes are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the Tree, ſhould the Hangman refuſe,*
Theſe Fingers, with Pleaſure could faſten the Nooſe.
Polly. *I'm bubbled,* &c.

Mac. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*——This is all a Fetch of *Polly*'s, to make me deſperate with you in caſe I get off. If I am hang'd, ſhe would fain have the Credit of being thought my Widow——Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a Diſpute of this ſort; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

Polly. And haſt thou the Heart to perſiſt in diſowning me?

Mac. And haſt thou the Heart to perſiſt in perſuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miſs *Peachum*, you but expoſe your ſelf. Beſides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumſtances.

AIR XIX.

Polly. *Ceaſe your Funning;*
Force or Cunning
Never ſhall my Heart trapan;
All theſe Sallies
Are but Malice
To ſeduce my conſtant Man:

'Tis

'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have Envy shown;
Pleas'd to ruin
Others wooing;
Never happy in their own!

Lucy. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave your self with some Reserve with the Husband, while his Wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to shew you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam; these forward Airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

AIR XX. Good-morrow Gossip *Joan.*

Lucy. *Why how now, Madam* Flirt?
If you thus must chatter;
And are for slinging Dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter;
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why how now, saucy Jade;*
Sure the Wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The Scoff of such a Gipsy!
Saucy Jade! [To her.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

Peach. Where's my Wench? Ah Huſſy! Huſſy!——— Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd, hang your ſelf, to make your Family ſome amends.

Polly. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him——I muſt ſpeak; I have more to ſay to him——Oh! twiſt thy Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all Women are alike! If ever they commit the Folly, they are ſure to commit another by expoſing themſelves———Away———Not a Word more——You are my Priſoner now, Huſſy.

AIR XXI. Iriſh Howl.

Polly. *No Power on Earth can e'er divide*
The Knot that Sacred Love hath ty'd.
When Parents draw againſt our Mind,
The true-love's Knot they faſter bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah———oh, oh, &c.

[Holding *Macheath*, *Peachum* pulling her.

SCENE XV.

Lucy, Macheath.

Mac. I am naturally compaſſionate, Wife; ſo that I could not uſe the Wench as ſhe deſerv'd; which made you at firſt ſuſpect there was ſomething in what ſhe ſaid.

Lucy. Indeed my Dear, I was ſtrangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the Caſe, her Father would never have brought me into this Circumſtance——No, *Lucy*,——I had rather dye than be falſe to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you ſay this from your Heart! For I love thee ſo, that I could ſooner bear to ſee thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

Mac.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. Oh *Macheath*, I can never live to see that Day.

Mac. You see, *Lucy*, in the Account of Love you are in my Debt, and you must now be convinc'd, that I rather chuse to die than be another's——Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee——If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your Father will immediately put me beyond all means of Escape.

Lucy. My Father I know hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners; And I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room——If I can procure the Keys, shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lye conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee——'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear Husband——owe thy Life to me——and though you love me not——be grateful——But that *Polly* runs in my Head strangely.

Mac. A Moment of Time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XXII. The Lass of *Patie's* Mill, &c.

Lucy. *I like the Fox shall grieve,*
Whose Mate hath left her side,
Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.
Where can my Lover hide?
Who can cheat the weary Pack?
If Love be not his Guide,
He never will come back.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. TO be sure Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting him to help him to this Escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his Daughter *Poll*, and to be sure they know the ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling Answers.

Lucy. Well then ——— If I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your Temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir —— I do wish I may be burnt. I do —— And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely? —— How much did he come down with? Come, Hussy, cheat your Father; and I shall not be angry with you ——— Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done —— How much, my good Girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given Money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah *Lucy*! thy Education might have put thee more upon thy Guard; for a Girl in the Bar of an Alehouse is always besieg'd.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my Education ——— for 'twas to that that I owe my Ruin.

AIR I. If Love's a ſweet Paſſion, *&c.*

When young at the Bar you firſt taught me to ſcore,
And bid me be free of my Lips, and no more;
I was kiſs'd by the Parſon, the Squire and the Sot,
When the Gueſt was departed, the Kiſs was forgot.
But his Kiſs was ſo ſweet, and ſo cloſely he preſt,
That I languiſh'd and pin'd till I granted the reſt.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confeſſion, for to be ſure he hath been a moſt barbarous Villain to me.

Lock. And ſo you have let him eſcape, Huſſy---Have you?

Lucy. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word can perſwade her to any thing.——And I could ask no other Bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, *Lucy*——If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you ſhould never do any thing upon the Foot of Intereſt. Thoſe that act otherwiſe are their own Bubbles.

Lucy. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the moſt diſcreet Woman, and in Love we are all Fools alike--- Notwithſtanding all he ſwore, I am now fully convinc'd that *Polly Peachum* is actually his Wife.---- Did I let him eſcape, (Fool that I was!) to go to her?——*Polly* will wheedle her ſelf into his Money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, becauſe, forſooth, you muſt be in Love!——a very pretty Excuſe!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy Strumpet---- I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it.---- Ungrateful *Macheath.*

AIR II. South-Sea Ballad.

My Love is all Madneſs and Folly,
Alone I lye,
Toſs, tumble and cry,
What a happy Creature is Polly!
Was e'er ſuch a Wretch as I! *With*

With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
That my dear inconſtant Varlet,
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is loſt in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot!
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is loſt in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot!
This, this my Reſentment alarms.

Lock. And ſo, after all this Miſchief, I muſt ſtay here to be entertain'd with your cater-wauling Miſtreſs Puſs! —— Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet! you ſhall faſt and mortify your ſelf into Reaſon, with now and then a little handſome Diſcipline to bring you to your Senſes—— Go.

SCENE II.

Lockit.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him.—— The Dog is leaky with his Liquor, ſo I'll ply him that way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage.—— Lions, Wolves, and Vultures don't live together in Herds, Droves or Flocks. ——Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only ſociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together——*Peachum* is my Companion, my Friend—— According to the Cuſtom of the World, indeed, he may quote thouſands of Precedents for cheating me—— And ſhall not I make uſe of the Priviledge of Friendſhip to make him a Return?

AIR III. *Packington's Pound.*

Thus Gameſters united in Friendſhip are found,
Though they know that their Induſtry all is a Cheat;

They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Box's Sound,
And join to promote one another's Deceit;
But if by Miſhap
They fail of a Chap,
To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap:
Like Pikes lank with Hunger, who miſs of their Ends,
They bite their Companions, and prey on their Friends.

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honeſt Tradeſmen are to have a fair Tryal which of us two can over-reach the other.——*Lucy*——[*Enter* Lucy.] Are there any of *Peachum*'s People now in the Houſe?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a Quartern of Strong-Waters in the next Room with black *Moll*.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

SCENE III.

Lockit, Filch.

Lock. Why, Boy, thou lookeſt as if thou wert half ſtarved; like a ſhotten Herring.

Filch. One had need have the Conſtitution of a Horſe to go through the buſineſs.——Since the favourite Child-getter was diſabled by a Miſhap, I have pick'd up a little Money by helping the Ladies to a Pregnancy againſt their being call'd down to Sentence.—— But if a Man cannot get an honeſt Livelihood an eaſier way, I am ſure 'tis what I can't undertake for another Stallion.

Lock. Truly, if that great Man ſhould rip off, 'twould be an irreparable Loſs. The Vigour and Proweſs of a Knight Errant never ſav'd half the Ladies in Diſtreſs that he hath done.——But, Boy, canſt thou tell me where thy Maſter is to be found?

Filch. At his * Lock, Sir, at the *Brookland Pillet.*

Lock.

* A Cant Word, ſignifying a Ware-Houſe where ſtolen Goods are depoſited.

Lock. Very well.——— I have nothing more with you. [*Ex.* Filch.] I'll go to him there, for I have many important Affairs to ſettle with him; and in the way of thoſe Tranſactions, I'll artfully get into his Secret.—— So that *Macheath* ſhall not remain a Day longer out of my Clutches.

SCENE IV. *A Gaming-Houſe.*

Macheath *in a fine tarniſh'd Coat,* Ben Budge, Matt *of the Mint.*

Mac. I am ſorry, Gentlemen, the Road was ſo barren of Money. When my Friends are in Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be ſerviceable to them. [*Gives them Money.*] You ſee, Gentlemen, I am not a meer Court Friend, who profeſſes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR IV. Lillibullero.

The Modes of the Court ſo common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for Intereſt is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some Friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good Counſel themſelves to defend.
In ſorrowful Ditty,
They promiſe they pity,
But ſhift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

But we, Gentlemen, have ſtill Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World.—— And while I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my Heart that ſo generous a Man ſhould be involv'd in ſuch Difficulties, as oblige him to live with ſuch ill Company, and herd with Gameſters.

Matt. See the Partiality of Mankind! One Man may ſteal a Horſe, better than another look over a Hedge——Of all Mechanics, of all ſervile Handicrafts-men, a Gameſter is the vileſt. But yet, as many of the Quality are of the Profeſſion, he is admitted among the politeſt Company. I wonder we are not more reſpected.

Mach. There will be a deep Play to-night at *Mary-bone*, and conſequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.

Matt. The Fellow with a brown Coat with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told, is never without Money.

Mach. What do you mean *Matt?*——Sure you will not think of meddling with him!——He's a good honeſt kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be ſure, Sir, we will put our ſelves under your Direction.

Mach. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders.——A *Rouleau*, or two, would prove a pretty ſort of an Expedition. I hate Extortion.

Matt. Thoſe *Rouleaus* are very pretty Things.——I hate your Bank Bills——There is ſuch a Hazard in putting them off.——

Mach. There is a certain Man of Diſtinction, who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the Ready. He is in my Caſh, *Ben*——I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you ſhall draw upon him for the Debt——The Company are met; I hear the Dice-box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at *Mary-bone*,

SCENE V. Peachum's *Lock*,

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco,

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The Coronation Account, Brother *Peachum* is of ſo intricate a Nature, that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Peach. It conſiſts indeed of a great Variety of Articles. It was worth to our People, in Fees of different Kinds,

above

above ten Inſtalments——This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A Lady's Tail of rich Brocade——that, I ſee, is diſpos'd of.

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the Tally-woman, and ſhe will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping.——

Lock. But I don't ſee any Article of the Jewels.

Peach. Theſe are ſo well known, that they muſt be ſent abroad——You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Exportation——As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, *&c.* ——I thought it beſt to enter them under their ſeveral Heads.

Lock. Seven and twenty Women's Pockets compleat; with the ſeveral things therein contain'd; all ſeal'd, numbe'r'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But Brother, it is impoſſible for us now to enter upon this Affair——We ſhould have the whole Day before us——Beſides, the Account of the laſt half Year's Plate is in a Book by it ſelf, which lies at the other Office.

Lock. Bring us then more Liquor——To-Day ſhall be for Pleaſure——To-morrow for Buſineſs——Ah Brother, thoſe Daughters of ours are two ſlippery Huſſies——Keep a watchful Eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a Day or two ſhall be our own again.

AIR IV. Down in the North Country, *&c.*

Lock. *What Gudgeons are we Men!*
Ev'ry Woman's eaſy Prey,
Though we have felt the Hook, again
We bite and they betray.
The Bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling Mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry Grate.

Peach. But what ſignifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter *Lucy* will ſet open the Door of the Cage?

Lock. If Men were anſwerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correſpondence together for two Days.—This is unkind of you, Brother; for among good Friends, what they ſay or do, goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to ſpeak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, Brother *Lockit*?

Lock. By all means.—She's a good Cuſtomer, and a fine ſpoken Woman.—And a Woman who drinks and talks ſo freely, will enliven the Converſation.

Peach. Deſire her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

SCENE VI.

Peach, Lockit, *Mrs.* Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. *Dye* your Servant.—One may know by your kiſs, that your Ginn is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my Liquors.

Lock. There is no perfum'd Breath like it.—I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of thoſe Lips.—Han't I, Mrs. *Dye*?

Trapes. Fill it up.—I take as large Draughts of Liquor, as I did of Love.—I hate a Flincher in either.

AIR VI. A Shepherd kept Sheep, *&c.*

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, fa, la, la, &c.
Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, fa, la, la, &c.
The Life of all Mortals in Kiſſing ſhould paſs,
Lip to Lip while we're young—then the Lip to the Glaſs, fa, &c.

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our Buſineſs.—If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late; Mantoes—Velvet Scarfs—Petticoats—Let it be what it will—I am your Chap—for all my Ladies are very fond of Mourning.

Peach. Why look ye, Mrs. *Dye*—you deal ſo hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen, who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

Trapes.

Trapes. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealing.—To be ſure, of late Years I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament—Three thouſand Pounds would hardly make me amends.—The Act for deſtroying the Mint, was a ſevere Cut upon our Buſineſs—'Till then, if a Cuſtomer ſtept out of the way—we knew where to have her—No doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*—there's a Wench now (till to-day) with a good Suit of Cloaths of mine upon her Back, and I could never ſet Eyes upon her for three Months together.—Since the Act too againſt Impriſonment for ſmall Sums, my Loſs there too hath been very conſiderable, and it muſt be ſo, when a Lady can borrow a handſome Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the leaſt Hank upon her! And, o' my Conſcience, now-a-days moſt Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handſome Gold Watch of us t'other Day for ſeven Guineas—Conſidering we muſt have our Profit—To a Gentleman upon the Road, a Gold Watch will be ſcarce worth the taking.

Trap. Conſider, Mr. *Peachum*, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very ſafe Sale—If you have any black Velvet Scarfs—they are a handſome Winter-wear; and take with moſt Gentlemen who deal with my Cuſtomers.—'Tis I that put the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price. The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dreſs from half a Crown to two Guineas; and yet thoſe Huſſies make nothing of bilking of me.—Then too allowing for Accidents.—I have eleven fine Cuſtomers now down under the Surgeon's Hands,—what with Fees and other Expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings in, and not a Farthing to pay for at leaſt a Month's Cloathing.—We run great Riſques—great Riſques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Mrs. *Coaxer.*

Trap. Yes, Sir.—To be ſure I ſtript her of a Suit of my own Cloathes about two Hours ago; and have left her as ſhe ſhould be, in her Shift, with a Lover of hers at my Houſe. She call'd him up Stairs, as he was going to *Mary-*

bone

bone in a Hackney Coach.——And I hope for her own ſake and mine, ſhe will perſuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trap. He thought I did not know him——An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*——Only Captain *Macheath* ——as fine as a Lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you ſhall ſet your own Price upon any of the Goods you like——We have at leaſt half a Dozen of Velvet Scarfs, and all at your Service. Will you give me leave to make you a Preſent of this Suit of Night-cloaths for your own wearing?——But are you ſure it is Captain *Macheath*?

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at a ſecond-hand, for he always lov'd to have his Ladies well dreſt.

Peach. Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little Buſineſs with the Captain;——You underſtand me——and we will ſatisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer's* Debt.

Lock. Depend upon it——we will deal like Men of Honour.

Trapes. I don't enquire after your Affairs——ſo whatever happens, I waſh my Hands on't.——It hath always been my Maxim, that one Friend ſhould aſſiſt another——But if you pleaſe——I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to ſave ſomething in Hand.

SCENE VII. *Newgate.*

Lucy.

Jealouſy, Rage, Love and Fear, are at once tearing me to Pieces. How I am weather-beaten and ſhatter'd with Diſtreſſes!

AIR VII. One Evening having loſt my Way, &c.

I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, with each Billow born,

With

With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor loſt,
Deſerted and all forlorn,
While thus I lye rolling and toſſing all Night,
That Polly *lyes ſporting on Seas of Delight!*
Revenge, Revenge, Revenge,
Shall appeaſe my reſtleſs Sprite.

I have the Rats-bane ready. ——I run no Riſque; for I can lay her Death upon the Gin, and ſo many dye of that natural y that I ſhall never be cal 'd in Queſtion. ——— But ſay I were to be hang'd——I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poyſoning that Slut.

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's our Miſs *Polly* come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

SCENE VIII.

Lucy, Polly.

Lucy. Dear Madam, your Servant,——I hope you will pardon my Paſſion, when I was ſo happy to ſee you laſt.——I was ſo over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of my ſelf. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

AIR VIII. Now *Roger*, I'll tell thee becauſe thou'rt my Son,

When a Wife's in her Pout,
(As ſhe's ſometimes, no doubt;)
The good Husband as meek as a Lamb,
Her Vapours to ſtill,
Firſt grants her her Will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dram;
Poor Man! And the quieting Draught is a Dram.

——I wiſh all our Quarrels might have ſo comfortable Reconciliation.

Polly. I have no Excuſe for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes.——And really, Madam, I ſuffer too upon your Account.

Lucy. But, Miſs *Polly*——in the way of Friendſhip, will you give me leave to propoſe a Glaſs of Cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-Waters are apt to give me the Head-ach ——I hope, Madam, you will excuſe me.

Lucy. Not the greateſt Lady in the Land could have better in her Cloſet, for her own private drinking——You ſeem mighty low in Spirits, my Dear.

Polly. I am ſorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer.——I ſhould not have left you in the rude Manner I did when we met laſt, Madam, had not my Papa hauld me away ſo unexpectedly——I was indeed ſomewhat provok'd, and perhaps might uſe ſome Expreſſions that were diſreſpectful——But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with ſo much Contempt and Cruelty, that I deſerv'd your Pity, rather than your Reſentment.

Lucy. But ſince his Eſcape, no doubt, all Matters are made up again——Ah *Polly*! *Polly*! 'tis I am the unhappy Wife; and he loves you as if you were only his Miſtreſs.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me ſo happy as to be the Object of your Jealouſy——A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well——ſo that I muſt expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our Caſes, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR IX. O Beſſy Bell.

Polly. *A Curſe attends that Woman's Love,*
Who always would be pleaſing.
Lucy. *The Pertneſs of the billing Dove,*
Like tickling is but teazing.

Polly.

Polly. *What then in Love can Woman do?*

Lucy. *If we grow fond they ſhun us.*

Polly. *And when we fly them, they purſue.*

Lucy. *But leave us when they've won us.*

Lucy. Love is ſo very whimſical in both Sexes, that it is impoſſible to be laſting.—But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Obſervation.

Polly. But really, Miſtreſs *Lucy*, by his laſt Behaviour; I think I ought to envy you.—When I was forc'd from him, he did not ſhow the leaſt Tenderneſs.—But perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

AIR X. Would Fate to me *Belinda* give——.

Among the Men, Coquets we find,
Who court by Turns all Woman-kind;
And we grant all their Hearts deſir'd,
When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.

The Coquets of both Sexes are Self-lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our Husband is one of thoſe.

Lucy. Away with theſe melancholy Reflections,—indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a Cup too low.—Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my Offer.

AIR XI. Come, ſweet Laſs, *&c.*

Come, ſweet Laſs,
Let's baniſh Sorrow,
'Till To-morrow;
Come, ſweet Laſs,
Let's take a chirping Glaſs.
Wine can clear
The Vapours of Deſpair;
And make us light as Air;
Then drink, and baniſh Care.

I can't bear, Child, to ſee you in ſuch low Spirits —— And I muſt perſuade you to what I know will do you good.—— I ſhall now ſoon be even with the hypocritical Strumpet. [*Aſide.*

SCENE IX.

Polly.

Polly. All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing. ——At this time too! when I know ſhe hates me!——The Diſſembling of a Woman is always the Fore-runner of Miſchief.—By pouring Strong-waters down my Throat, ſhe thinks to pump ſome Secrets out of me——I'll be upon my Guard, and won't taſte a Drop of her Liquor, I'm reſolv'd.

SCENE X.

Lucy, *with Strong-waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miſs *Polly.*

Polly. Indeed, Child, you have given yourſelf trouble to no purpoſe.——You muſt, my Dear, excuſe me.

Lucy. Really, Miſs *Polly*, you are ſo ſqueamiſhly affected about taking a Cup of Strong-waters as a Lady before Company. I vow, *Polly*, I ſhall take it monſtrouſly ill if you refuſe me.——Brandy and Men (though Women love them never ſo well) are always taken by us with ſome Reluctance——unleſs 'tis in private.

Polly. I proteſt, Madam, it goes againſt me.——What do I ſee! *Macheath* again in Cuſtody!——Now every Glimm'ring of Happineſs is loſt.

[*Drops the Glaſs of Liquor on the Ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath eſcap'd: For by this Event, 'tis plain, ſhe was not happy enough to deſerve to be poiſon'd. [*Aſide.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Lockit, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

Lock. Set your Heart to reſt, Captain,——You have neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Eſcape ——for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Trya limmediately.

Peach. Away, Huſſies!——This is not a Time for a Man to be hamper'd with the Wives.——You ſee, the Gentleman is in Chains already.

Lucy. O Husband, Husband, my Heart long'd to ſee thee, but to ſee thee thus diſtracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear Husband look upon his *Polly*? Why hadſt thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadſt been ſafe.

AIR XII. The laſt Time I went o'er the Moor.

Polly. *Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.*
Lucy. *Beſtow one Glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that Look, thy* Polly *dies.*
Lucy. *O ſhun me not——but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis* Polly *ſues.*
Lucy. ——*'Tis* Lucy *ſpeaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true Love requited?*
Lucy. *My Heart is burſting,*
Polly. ——*Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Muſt I*
Polly. ——*Muſt I be ſlighted.*

Mach. What would you have me ſay, Ladies?——You ſee this Affair will ſoon be at an end, without my diſobliging either of you.

Peach. But the ſettling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law-ſuit between your two Widows.

AIR

AIR XIII. *Tom Tinker's* my true Love.

Mach. *Which way ſhall I turn me? ----How can I decide?*
Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a Bride.
One Wife is too much for moſt Husbands to bear,
But two at a Time there's no Mortal can bear;
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other Wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own Misfortunes have made him inſenſible to mine—A Father ſure will be more compaſſionate. ——Dear, dear Sir, ſink the material Evidence, and bring him off at his Tryal—*Polly* upon her Knees begs it of you.

AIR XIV. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

When my Hero in Court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his Life;
Then think of poor Polly's *Tears;*
For Ah! Poor Polly's *his Wife.*
Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing Wave,
To die a dry Death at Land,
Is as bad as a watry Grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in Love,
Oh! every Month was May.

Lucy. If *Peachum's* Heart is harden'd; ſure you, Sir, will have more Compaſſion on a Daughter——I know the Evidences is in your Power ——How then can you be a Tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR

AIR XV. *Ianthe* the lovely, *&c.*

When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for his Life,
O think of your Daughter, and think I'm his Wife!
What are Cannons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords?
For Death is more certain by Witnesses Words.
Then nail up their Lips; that dreed Thunder alley;
And ech Month of my Life will hereafter be May.

Lock *Macheath*'s Time is come, Lucy.—We know our own Affairs, therefore let us have no more Whimpering or Whining.

AIR XVI. A Cobler there was, *&c.*

Our selves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat,
When Matters require it, must give up our Gang;
And good reason why,
Or, *instead of the Fry,*
E'v'n Peachum *and I*
Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty Rascals, might hang.

Peach. Set your Heart at rest, *Polly.*—Your Husband is to dye to day.—Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's Comfort for you, you Slut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the *Old-Baily.*

AIR XVII. Bonny-*Dundee.*

Mach. *The Charge is prepar'd; the Lawyers are met,*
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!)
I go, undismay'd—for Death is a Debt,
A Debt on demand—So, take what I owe.
Then farewel, my Love—Dear Charmers, adieu,
Contented I die—'Tis the better for you.
Here ends all Dispute the rest of our Fates,
For this way at once I please all my Wives.

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE XII.

Lucy, Polly, Filch.

Polly. Follow them, *Filch,* to the Court. And when the Tryal is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd.—— You'll find me here with Miſs *Lucy.* [*Ex.* Filch.] But why is all this Muſick?

Lucy. The Priſoners, whoſe Tryals are put off till next Seſſion, are diverting themſelves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing ſo charming as Muſick! I'm fond of it to Diſtraction!—— But alas!—— now, all Mirth ſeems an Inſult upon my Affliction——Let us retire, my dear *Lucy,* and indulge our Sorrows.—— The noiſy Crew, you ſee, are coming upon us. [*Exeunt.*

A Dance of Priſoners in Chains, &c.

SCENE XIII.

The Condemn'd Hold.

Macheath, *in a melancholy Poſture.*

AIR XVIII. Happy Groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel Caſe!
Muſt I ſuffer this Diſgrace?

AIR XIX. Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart.

Of all the Friends in time of Grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one ſo ſure can bring Relief,
As this beſt Friend, a Brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR XX. *Britons* ſtrike home.

Since I muſt ſwing,——I ſcorn, I ſcorn to whine or whine.
[Riſes.

AIR XXI. Chevy-Chaſe.

But now again my Spirits ſink;
I'll raiſe them high with Wine. [Drinks a Glaſs of Wine.

AIR

AIR XXII. To old Sir *Simon* the King.

But Valour the ſtronger grows,
The ſtronger Liquor we're drinking;
And how can we feel our Woes,
When we've loſt the Trouble of Thinking? [Drinks.

AIR XXIII. Joy to great *Cæſar.*

If thus——— A Man can die
Much bolder with Brandy.
[Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.

AIR XXIV. There was an old Woman.

So I drink of this Bumper——And now I can ſtand the Teſt,
And my Comrades ſhall ſee, that I die as brave as the Beſt.
[Drinks.

AIR XXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.

But can I leave my pretty Huſſies,
Without one Tear, or tender Sigh?

AIR XXVI. Why are mine Eyes ſtill flowing.

Their Eyes, their Lips, their Buſſies,
Recal my Love.——Ah muſt I die!

AIR XXVII. Green Sleeves.

Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn *Tree!*
But Gold from Law can take out the Sting;
And if rich Men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the Land, ſuch Numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn *Tree!*

Jailor. Some Friends of yours, Captain, deſire to be admitted.——I leave you together. SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Macheath, Ben Budge, Matt *of the Mint.*

Mach. For my having broke Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution.—The Sheriffs Officers, I believe, are now at the Door.—That *Jemmy Twitcher* should peach me, I own surpriz'd me!—'Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore, I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to your selves, for in all probability you may live some Months longer.

Matt. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune.—But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. Peachum and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous Scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as yours are in theirs.—Remember your dying Friend!—'Tis my last Request.—Bring those Villains to the Gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miss *Polly* and Miss *Lucy* intreat a Word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

SCENE XV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Mach. My dear *Lucy*—My dear *Polly*—Whatsoever hath past between us is now at an end.—If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to ship your selves off for the *West-Indies*, where you'll have a fair Chance of getting a Husband a-piece; or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this Sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.

AIR XXVIII. All you that must take a Leap, &c.

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. - - - - - - - - And I would so too!

Lucy.

Lucy. *To be hang'd with you.*

Polly. - - - - - - *-My Dear, with you.*

Mach. *O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt!*
I tremble! I droop!—See my Courage is out.
[Turns up the empty Bottle.

Polly. *No Token of Love?*

Mach. - - - - - - *-See my Courage is out.*
[Turns up the empty Pot.

Lucy. *No Token of Love?*

Polly. - - - - - - *-Adieu.*

Lucy. - - - - - - *-Farewel.*

Mach. *But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.*

Chorus. *Tol de rol lol,* &c.

Jailor. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child a-piece! See here they come. [*Enter Women and Children.*

Mach. What—four Wives more!—This is too much—Here—tell the Sheriffs Officers I am ready.
[*Exit* Macheath *guarded.*

SCENE XVI.

To them, enter Player *and* Beggar.

Play. But honeſt Friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* ſhall be really executed.

Beg. Moſt certainly, Sir—To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing ſtrict poetical Juſtice.—*Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other Perſonages of the Drama, the Audience muſt have ſuppoſed they were all either hang'd or tranſported.

Play. Why then, Friend, this is a down-right deep Tragedy. The Cataſtrophe is manifeſtly wrong, for an Opera muſt end happily.

Beg. Your Objection, Sir, is very juſt; and is eaſily remov'd. For you muſt allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how abſurdly things are brought about—So—you Rabble there—run and cry a Reprieve—let the Priſoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Play.

Play. All this we muſt do, to comply with the Taſte of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole piece you may obſerve ſuch a Similitude of Manner in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the faſhionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen——— Had the Play remain'd, as I at firſt intended, it would have carried a moſt excellent Moral. 'Twould have ſhown that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich: And that they are puniſh'd for them.

SCENE XVII.

To them, Macheath *with Rabble, &c.*

Mach. So, it ſeems, I am not left to my choice, but muſt have a Wife at laſt.—— Look'ye, my Dears, we will have no Controverſy now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am ſure ſhe who thinks her ſelf my Wife will teſtify her Joy by a Dance.

All. Come, a Dance——a Dance.

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to preſent a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take *Polly* for mine——And for Life, you Slut —— for we were really married —— As for the reſt —— But at preſent keep your own Secret, [*To* Polly.

A DANCE.

AIR XXIX. Lumps of Puddings, *&c.*

Thus I ſtand like the Turk, *with his Doxies around;*
From all Sides their Glances his Paſſion confound!
For black, brown, and fair, his Inconſtancy burns.
And the different Beauties ſubdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her Charms, to provoke his Deſires,
Though willing to all; with but one he retires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.

Chorus. *But think of this Maxim, &c.*

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